Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my ſelfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke deſpaire againſt my ſelfe,
And to my ſelfe become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this ſceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your ſonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the ſap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our ſwift winged ſoules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient ſubiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall reſt.

Dut. Ah, ſo much intereſt haue I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely ſemblance,
Are crakt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one falſe glaſſe,
Which greeues me when I ſee my ſhame in him,
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath ſnatcht my children from mine armes,
And plukt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and *Clarence*, O what cauſe haue I
Then, being but motitie of my ſelfe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you weept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewiſe be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. *Edward*,

Ambo.

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo. *Clarence*.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Qu. What ſtay had I but *Edward*, and is he gone?

Ambo. What ſtay had we but *Clarence*, and is he gone?

Dut. What ſtay had I but they, and they are gone?

Qu. Was neuer widow, had ſo deare a loſſe.

Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had a dearer loſſe?

Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer loſſe?
Alas, I am the mother of theſe moanes,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for *Edward* weepes, and ſo do I:
I for a *Clarence* weepe, ſo doth not ſhe:
Theſe babes for *Clarence* weepe, and ſo do I:
I for an *Edward* weepe, and ſo do they,
Alas, you three on me three-fould diſtreſt.
Powre all your teares, I am your ſorrowes nurſe,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Gloſter, with others.*

Glo. Madame haue comfort, all of vs haue cauſe
To waile the dimming of our ſhining ſtarre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, I doe cry you mercy,
I did not ſee your Grace, humbly on on my knee
I craue you bleſſing,

Dut. God bleſſe thee, and put meekeneſſe in thy minde,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, make me die a good old man.
Thats the butt end of my mothers bleſſing:
I marueil why her grace did leaue it out?

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart ſorrowing Peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue ſpent our harueſt for this King,
We are to reape the harueſt of his ſoone:
The broken rancour of your high ſwolne hearts,
But lately ſplinted, knit, and ioynd together,
Muſt greatly be preſeru'd, cheriſht, and kept.
Me ſeemeth good that with ſome little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.

Glo.